

The Critic

A Weekly Review of Literature and

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M. René Doumic

IF THE nineteenth century is the age of criticism *par excellence*, I believe one may say, without risking the accusation of French conceit, that ever since Sainte Beuve's time criticism has reached its highest expression in France, for the reason that here it is always literary in style, while it assumes, also, the most varied forms. What could be more unlike than the criticisms of Ferdinand Brunetière, Jules Lemaitre, Anatole France and Paul Bourget, respectively? If the first stands forth among them all by his sturdy strength, each of the others is seductive in a different way. Apropos of the adjective just used, we must remember that a critic who cares far more about convincing than pleasing, has denounced the words *seductive* and *seduction* as being suspect, saying that up to the beginning of the eighteenth century seducing was the accomplishment of a reprehensible act by

cleverness or trickery. Now we make a praise of that which for a long time was considered blame; and thus the complete synopsis of a little revolution in manners is compressed into a single word.

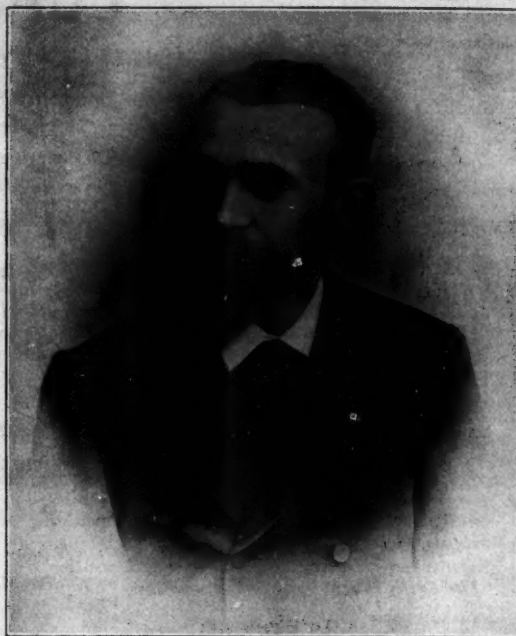
There can be no doubt that in the austere period of Janzenism, M. France's or M. Lemaitre's seductive irony would have been thought wicked enough, but M. Doumic's would have found grace; for it has as much solidity as brilliancy—to borrow Mme. de Sevigné's motto. No one ever wielded a keener or more supple weapon with a surer or more delicate touch in the cause of more irreproachable principles; no skilful swordsman ever despatched his adversary more neatly by a correctly aimed thrust. M. Doumic understands perfectly well how to be unmerciful, but under no circumstances does he ever fail in courtesy. Besides, general ideas are of far more consequence to him than persons. Writing about M. Coppée's latest novel, he will dwell humorously on the "dangers of sensibility." M. Barre's sophisms will draw out a fine article on "the glorification of energy"; and the new theories on "forgiveness as it appears in contemporary novels" form the subject of some pages of singularly bold and clear-sighted morality.

America will soon be able to judge whether his speech does not rival his pen; for this spring he is to lecture at all the places where M. Brunetière was heard last year—at New York and Cambridge, Boston and Baltimore, and later on in Canada. He is not in a hurry. He starts with the curiosity to see everything, and to enter into as complete an intellectual communion as possible with the various parts of the great republic. We know beforehand that this scholar will feel perfectly at home in the learned environment of Harvard and Johns Hopkins universities. Although his writings are esteemed by all American readers of the *Journal des Débats*, whose regular contributor he has been since 1894, and also by those who follow the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, where he was called upon to write monthly literary criticisms when M. Brunetière accepted the editorship; still I think it will not be amiss to let the general public know something about him. Perhaps, for all this he may accuse me of indiscretion; for he has authorized no one to reveal the secrets of his program—seized, I must confess, as they flew to and fro in the conversation going on in Mme. Doumic's *salon*, where her many friends meet on Saturdays.

M. Doumic inhabits in the Rue Jacob (Faubourg St. Germain quarter) an old and stately house, with a wide stone staircase and artistic wrought-iron railings. Everything about his home has that peculiarly well-bred air, typical of the old Parisian gentry. Near the hearth a pretty spinning-wheel, of curious and elaborate workmanship, has its place, as a symbol, I suppose. A portrait of the amiable Mme. Doumic, by her brother, Jean Weber, a very "modern" painter; those of the two children, who are the joy of the household; and another good portrait of René Doumic, at work in his study, adorn the walls; tall windows look out upon a great, silent courtyard; all about there is an atmos-

phere of meditation, distinction and domestic happiness. M. Doumic is of opinion that married life is favorable to the development of talent. There is no doubt of it, when fate unites a talented man to a wife like his own; one respectful of his labors and always endeavoring to understand and encourage him; but such helpmates are rare in all countries.

M. Doumic, who is still very young, is tall and frail, with clear, pallid complexion, fair hair, cut square on a fine forehead, and deep-set blue eyes that look keenly into the inner life and its intricate problems. Born in Paris in 1860, he was educated at the Collège Condorcet, carrying off all the most brilliant scholastic honors there; and during his three years at the Upper Normal School*—that nursery of the best writers of France—he constantly held the highest rank. He lived long enough in the provinces, as a professor, to become imbued with those sterling French qualities which do not all flourish in Paris, and came back to that incomparable furnace of ideas to occupy the chair of rhetoric, for ten years, at the Collège Stanislas. Finally, in 1884 he entered upon his journalistic career, writing dramatic criticisms and literary articles. He had hardly appeared when he conquered public attention by that lightness of touch which permits him to treat the most serious subjects without ever exposing himself to the reproach of pedantry, by the simple perfection of his style, by an unerring accuracy of judgment allied to the most brilliant flashes of wit. While he seems to be merely playing, he goes to the very depths of things and disentangles their secret causes. To judge of this, read his two volumes of essays on the "Théâtre Contemporain," the first reaching from Scribe, whose sole object is to amuse, to Ibsen, the Prince of Pessimism; the second volume embracing the drama of to-day. It is true that he draws striking portraits in these books of Alexandre Dumas, Victorien Sardou, François Coppée, Pailleron, Richepin and many others, so precisely like the originals that at times they would seem cruel, if one did not feel that the painter's sole care was the quest for truth—a care which no more permits him to spare the weak than to flatter the great. But what compels our interest above all else, is the collective view growing out of these detached studies. While speaking to us about M. de Bornier, M. de Curel and many others, old or young, followers of the beaten track, or innovators, he makes us witness the slow disintegration of a vanishing dramatic system and see its elements disperse; intrigue and the artificial combination of events returning, for instance, to vaudeville and the melodrama, really comic situations going toward farce, while the comedy of manners and customs tries to reduce itself to the study of feelings, phases or qualms of conscience—moral and social problems,—and to create a style made up of analysis and observation, choosing as its subjects the durable, general, broadly human traits of our nature—a sort of transposition of our classic tragedy. Will the attempt succeed? No one can tell as yet; but it is certain that in France there



PHOTOGRAPH, MARIUS, PARIS

M. RENÉ DOUMIC

are no young dramatic authors solely devoted to the one style, as were Dumas, Augier, Labiche, Sardou, etc., who made the drama their specialty, looking at everything from their single point of view. This species has disappeared, or is about to. We have now mostly novelists, poets, reviewers, critics (for there are critics everywhere), who transfer their novels, poems, fancies and reviews to the stage. You may be sure that M. Doumic, who can analyze the theatrical works of the day in this manner, will also be able to let you see into the hidden depths of our romantic literature, about which he is now lecturing at Harvard. He has most interesting things to tell you about the "symbolists" and "decadents" too, for it was in his book on "Les Jeunes" that he so correctly defined our restless, intelligent generation, eager to create an ideal for itself and constantly failing in its attempts. How well he knows how to interpret the pale and uncertain tendencies peeping out of the writings of the latest comers among our contemporary authors, the offshoots of positivist and naturalistic theories, the awakening of idealism in the works of Renan, Voguë and Bourget! How relentlessly he has unmasked a certain kind of mysticism giving satisfaction to sad and sickly sensuality, yet having nothing in common with religion!

For M. Doumic is a Christian, a somewhat austere one as well, both as to faith and morals. He acknowledges it frankly and speaks his mind with a certain tartness to those whom he so justly names the decadents of Christianity—MM. Huysmans, Peladan, Poictevin, and others,—who "to support the orthodoxy of the dogma, and to buttress catholic morality, run the risk of alarming the sense of decency in the laity." With no less talent than he displayed when indicating the influence of St. Francis de Sales on the feminine souls of several generations, subjugated by his adorable optimism, he will let you see the effect produced upon *blasé* imaginations by the sham devotion of some *fin-de-siècle* jour-

*The Upper Normal School was founded by Napoleon I. The statement of the reasons for its creation contained this phrase:—"A body is needed whose doctrine will be out of reach of the petty fevers of fashion, always moving while the government dozes, and whose statutes will be so truly national that no one may ever resolve to lay hands on it." If one had to mention the names of all the eminent men produced by the Normal School, or of those who have taught there, the list, beginning with Villemain, Cousin, Guizot, Royer-Colliard, down to our own days, would be too long.

nalists and novelists. He will handle all topics either of past or present times with equal mastery, whether the matter in hand be Froissart or Montaigne, Anatole France or Goncourt. There is no subject so ticklish that he cannot present it acceptably. Did he not, directly after the publication of a scandalous correspondence, successfully attempt to explain the story of George Sand and Alfred de Musset under the general title of "Romantic Loves"? His tact never forsakes him. He thinks of giving his new audience an account of the French novel and the contrasts it presents with the society it is supposed to reflect, as well as the reasons for that contrast. I am sure he will speak admirably of our young girls, for he has devoted much time to their instruction, not only as a professor but as a writer, * and knows them better than any one else. Perhaps college girls may think his ideas under this heading somewhat antiquated, but they surely will be curious to hear them. And all persons of taste, both men and women, will enjoy M. Doumic's speech, at once solid, clear and subtle. He has given many lectures, but I recall one in particular, delivered at the Odéon during the winter of 1895, on an old and rather forgotten play, "La Petite Ville," by Picard, and all that he drew from it that was so entirely new: the pretty picture he made of misunderstood provincial life, proving that Paris itself (the Paris of the Boulevard, the "Tout Paris") was provincial in its own way, with the same prejudices, the same narrowmindedness and far graver faults, while the thing it is guilty of—burlesquing the true French spirit—was just what brought us into discredit. For the space of an hour we were most sincerely converted to the charms of all that is *not* Paris, in spite of what Picard and La Bruyère, Flaubert and Balzac and Labiche and so many others have said about the poor provinces—soon, unhappily, to lose their characteristics, on account of becoming too easy of access.

The two volumes on French literature are what we should advise those desiring to know M. Doumic by his books to read before hearing him. He has called attention to the works most indicative of the mental process of each period, the qualities peculiar to France and forming its intellectual unity. In the preface he says:—

"In a people's works of intelligence, imagination and sensibility, something lives on and remains identical to itself throughout. This is called tradition. A nation's literature should renew itself incessantly, and while renewing itself still remain faithful to its traditions."

Perhaps this excellent precept is being forgotten too often just now, in France, the infatuation for Russian novels, Norwegian dramas, a certain Italian renaissance, etc., indicating a weakening of our own originality. M. Doumic belongs to those who defend our national genius and the integrity of our language against all foreign intrusion. And he is particularly wise in teaching by example, for one could not be more purely, more elegantly French, nor have more of the French qualities of judgment, clearness, good sense and good taste than he; and it seems to me that these are what America is seeking above all else when she invites a lecturer from such a distance.

PARIS, February 1898.

TH. BENTZON.

* M. Doumic has published a text-book on the History of French Literature, and still gives special lectures in a celebrated institute.

Literature

"Philip II of Spain"

By Martin A. S. Hume. (*Foreign Statesmen.*) The Macmillan Co.

THERE are certain historical personages whose characters are indelibly impressed in clear outlines on the minds of many who have never read a line of their biographies. Under this head comes Philip II, a monarch whose reputation has been notorious rather than famous. Few writers on European history between 1550 and 1598 have a good word to say of him, even in passing; while many a historian, above all Motley, has painted him in the blackest tints. Mr. Martin Hume does not, indeed, go as far in the opposite direction as did Froude in his portraiture of Henry VIII, in comparison with other historical judges, but his treatment may be called tender, and his terms are gentler than seem quite warranted by the facts which he himself sets forth.

Philip's inheritance was unfortunate for the best development of his character and of his statesmanship, inasmuch as the marriage of his parents—cousins, and tainted with disease—promised ill for their offspring, and inasmuch as that same marriage united ill-assorted realms, whose diverse interests were constant hindrances in the administration of each. But it is difficult to see that "he was naturally a good man, cursed with mental obliquity and a lack of due sense of proportion." The story of the part he played in the sixteenth century, of his vast inheritance from Charles V. in Europe and America, of his withdrawal to the narrow limits of the Spanish peninsula whence he tried to administer the affairs of all his territories, of his efforts to crush the spirit of Protestantism everywhere and the spirit of nationalism in his Netherland dominions, of his exaltation of the Church as he understood it, even while he was at sword-points with its spiritual head,—all this is a familiar story, here well outlined by Mr. Hume.

The personal sketch of Philip himself sums up as follows: He was a preternaturally grave and silent child, with a fair pink and white skin, fine yellow hair and full, blue, lymphatic eyes, rather too close together. From Charles V and Isabel of Portugal he inherited "neurotic tendencies, vast mental power and indomitable bodily energy." His mental habits and the slow action of his mind and body, seem to have been imitated from the relentless, resistless processes of divine force. He forgot that he did not, like Nature, have eternity to work in, and thus he failed in the end. The course of his education accentuated his inherited characteristics. From the time of his birth, his father was at war with infidels and heretics. The earliest idea instilled into his infant mind was that he and his were destroying the Almighty's enemies, and finally he came to entertain "an unshakable belief that he was in some sort a junior partner with Providence." His education was curiously defective in one particular: he never was forced to master the languages which might have enabled him to understand the thoughts of other nationalities. He evolved the habits of attention to details in the business of administration which became the ruling and hampering passion of his life. He was born to a hopeless battle. The marriage of his grandparents had saddled Spain with a European foreign policy which brought down continuous war upon a poor country. "As King of Spain alone, having only local problems to deal with, modest, cautious, painstaking and just, he might have been a happy and successful—even a great—monarch; but as a leader of the conservative forces of Christendom, he was in a position for which his gifts unfitted him." In short, he was the right man but in the wrong place.

Possibly this general estimate is the truth, but it is hard to accept it as such. Mr. Hume's narrative is graphic and readable, but it is not quite strong enough—could hardly be strong enough in 260 pages—to make this judgment the accepted last word. The story of Philip's international relations, which were more or less allied to the stories of his four

successive marriages with Maria of Portugal, Mary of England, Elizabeth of France and Anne of Austria, is well told, though possibly his domestic happiness with all his wives save the second is slightly overdrawn. The happiest sketch of public events is that of the adventures of the Armada, which is excellently done. In certain side scenes of this drama, however, Mr. Hume seems less at home. For instance, he states that the Prince of Orange "was not a Fleming in blood or education, his principality of Orange being in the south of France and his descent mainly Provençal and Burgundian. By his county of Nassau, however, he was a Flemish prince and had been brought up in the court of the Emperor with whom he was a great favorite." Now, René of Nassau received the principality and title of Orange from his mother's brother, Philibert of Orange-Châlons, in 1530, and left the same with his other property to his little German cousin William, who made the Provençal title famous. But it would be difficult to find where that same William, Prince of Orange, could have inherited Provençal nature from the old Count of Nassau, his father, or from Juliana of Stolberg, his mother, and it would be difficult to prove that he himself ever set foot on French soil south of Fontainebleau.

Certain familiar names appear here in strange garb. "Raleigh" may now be considered the best of the many forms offered in the rich uncertainties of Elizabethan spelling, but "Dassonleville," "De Granville," "Heliger Lee" surely carry no weight of preference which warrants the displacement of the forms usually accepted by English writers.

Like its fellows in this series, the volume is pleasant to the eye and hand. The bibliography is discriminating and suggestive, and the genealogical table is good as far as it goes, though a little additional matter showing Philip's own alliances would add to its utility.

"Dariel: A Romance of Surrey"

By R. D. Blackmore. Dodd, Mead & Co.

A MASTERPIECE is a misfortune—to the man who writes it. Of course we must have masterpieces, and some one must write them. But woe to him by whom they come. His life is one long anti-climax. He is usually the last man to suspect that masterpieces are born and not made, or to recognize the tokens by which they are known. No one expects a man to write two masterpieces—except the man himself. He thinks that the world thinks that he ought to be going off again in a day or two. So he keeps pegging away on "Paradise Regained," or "Dariel," hoping vaguely that some day he will happen on another "Paradise Lost" or "Lorna Doone."

If the author of "Lorna Doone" had chosen another metre, or another type of hero, or even another heroine, he might perhaps have competed more successfully with his other self. We resent a John Ridd shorn of his strength, reduced to half-size. John Ridd had a chance in life. He started a common farmer and came out a knight. Dariel has not even this possibility. What can one expect of a hero who is a diminished nobleman at the start, tilling the acres he has hunted over and renting his ancestral home to a common kind of rich man—whom we are not allowed to even despise satisfactorily, since he is predestined, in the romantic mind of Mr. Blackmore, as the future husband of the winsome Grace.

These offenses, though grievous, are as nothing compared with the sin of ingenuousness. In "Lorna Doone" we delighted in the childlike speech of great John Ridd as we delighted in the wild scenery of Doone Valley and the impossible Carver Doone and Lorna herself. But when half the mountains are chopped off and Grandfather Doone is changed into Queen Marva of Daghestan, we feel that the hero's speech should undergo a greater change than Mr. Blackmore has seen fit to make. George Cranleigh, we do not hesitate to say—we are even relieved to say,—is a nincom-

poop, though not so intended apparently by either himself or his creator. For such a one to make use of the simplicity of speech that belongs to men is not to be meekly borne.

It may be that "Dariel" is the last gasp of the novel of plot. We have suspected for a long time that its hour was almost run. In spite of its new lease of life in Rider Haggard and Stevenson, it has long been a shaky affair, little loved by the author and less by the public. If we had one or two Cervantes, or even a Regina Roché,—but what has dinner-table genius to do with the stir of life and battles and midnight rides? Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die—of gout. Meanwhile, we protest, in the name of good digestion, against a skeleton mounted on an antic pad and trotted out to battle. It is not only uninteresting: it is unseemly. We feel, in all kindness of heart, that Dariel should never have been brought from the seclusion of the mountain home she was meant by Nature to adorn, into the glare of modern life, even though she came by way of England.

"Auld Lang Syne"

By Prof. Max Müller. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Books of personal reminiscences come thick and fast of late, and they are among the most enjoyable forms of biography. This of Prof. Max Müller's is the latest and one of the best. He tells us its history in the preface. He was sent away by his doctor "for three or four weeks of perfect rest." Books he was forbidden to take, and he conscientiously obeyed the injunction—and wrote a book instead. "What was I to do?" he asks; "doctors ought to know that to a man accustomed to work enforced rest is quite as irritating and depressing as *travaux forcés*." Every busy man on a vacation, voluntary or involuntary, feels this. A moderate amount of work is absolutely necessary to give a zest to recreation, or, indeed, to render it endurable and really medicinal. So the philologist, thus turned out to grass, "began to write what could be written without a single book, and taking pen, ink and paper" (which he had not forsworn in his agreement with his medical adviser), "jotted down some recollections of former years." The result is the volume before us, and we may thank the doctor for it: the author was doubtless none the worse for writing it, and the reader gets what otherwise he might never have been so lucky as to have; for the author, when at work in his favorite field of linguistic research, would not be likely to turn aside for autobiographical gossip.

He arranges his reminiscences under the heads "Musical Recollections," "Literary Recollections" and "Recollections of Royalties," and adds an amusing chapter on "Beggars," a chronic affliction of men of note, whose names are duly catalogued by the multitudinous guild of mendicants, genteel and other, as their easiest prey.

The musical reminiscences are among the most interesting. If the author had not felt a stronger bent towards philology, he might have become eminent as a musician. This he looked upon as his destined profession until he went to the University, and Mendelssohn advised him to keep to Greek and Latin. Dessau, his native town, was then "overflowing with music"; Von Weber had been his godfather, and Mendelssohn was the friend of his youth. "Old Schneider," the ducal capellmeister, was a noted musician, and many eminent composers, players and singers came to visit him. Prof. Müller says:—

"I remember Paganini, Sonntag, Spohr, Mendelssohn (then quite a young man), and many more passing their ordeal at Dessau. Mendelssohn's visit left a deep impression on my mind. I was still a mere child, he a very young man, and, as I thought, with the head of an angel. Mendelssohn's was always a handsome face, but later in life the sharpness of his features betrayed his Jewish blood. He excelled as an organ player, and while at Dessau he played on the organ in the Grosse Kirche, chiefly extempore. I was standing by him, when he took me on his knees.

and asked me to play a choral while he played the pedal. I see it all now as if it had been yesterday, and I felt convinced at that time that I, too (*anch' io*) would be a musician. Was not Weber, Karl Maria von Weber, my godfather, and had he not given me my surname of Max? My father and mother had been staying with Weber at Dresden, and my father had undertaken to write the text for a new opera, which was never finished. Weber was then writing his 'Freischütz,' and my mother has often described to me how he would walk about the whole day in his room composing, not before the piano-forte, but with a small guitar, and how she heard every melody gradually emerging from the twang of his little instrument."

Schneider even allowed Müller to play the piano, with orchestral accompaniment, at some of his concerts; and the young man also joined a chorus under Mendelssohn. He gives a facsimile of a slip of paper on which Mendelssohn, Liszt, David, Kalliwoda, and Hiller wrote their names for him one evening after they had been playing together in Dessau. We are told incidentally that Dean Stanley, one of Müller's most devoted friends, had no ear for music. Jenny Lind liked to visit the Dean because no one "talked music" at his house, and there was no piano there.

From the literary recollections we learn that Heine was a friend and admirer of Wilhelm Müller, the poet, who was Max's father; but the son never became acquainted with Heine. He nevertheless tells of seeing him:—

"I knew he was in Paris when I was there in 1846, but he was already in such a state of physical collapse that a friend of mine who knew him well, and saw him from time to time, advised me not to go and see him. However, one afternoon as I and my friend were sitting on the boulevard near the Rue Richelieu sipping a cup of coffee, 'Look there,' he said, 'there comes Heine!' I jumped up to see, my friend stopped him, and told him who I was. It was a sad sight. He was bent down and dragged himself slowly along, his spare grayish hair was hanging around his emaciated face, there was no light in his eyes. He lifted one of his paralyzed eyelids with his hand and looked at me. For a time, like the blue sky breaking from behind gray October clouds, there passed a friendly expression across his face, as if he thought of days long gone by. Then he moved on, mumbling a line from Goethe in a deep, broken, and yet clear voice, as if appealing for sympathy:—*Das Maulthier sucht im Düstern seinen Weg.*"

"Thus vanished Heine, the most brilliant, sparkling, witty poet of Germany. I have seen him, that is all I can say, as Saul saw Samuel, and wished he had not seen him. However, we travel far to see the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum, of Nineveh and Memphis, and the ruins of a mind such as Heine's are certainly as sad and as grand as the crumbling pillars and ruined temples shrouded under the lava of Vesuvius."

Among the other famous men-of-letters with whom our author was more or less intimate were Kingsley, Clough, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, Browning, Thackeray, Froude, Ruskin, Carlyle, Macaulay, Arthur Helps, Maurice, Martineau, Faraday, Huxley, Lyell, Grote, Whewell and Darwin, with Americans like Emerson, Lowell and Holmes. He heard both Tennyson and Browning read from their own works, and preferred the elocution of the latter, whom he met at Venice:—

"He was staying in one of the smaller palaces with a friend, and he was easily persuaded to read some of his poems. I asked him for his poem on Andrea del Sarto, and his delivery was most simple and yet most telling. He was a far better reader than Tennyson. His voice was natural, sonorous, and full of delicate shades, while Tennyson read in so deep a tone that it was like the rumbling and rolling sound of the sea rather than like a human voice. His admirers, both gentlemen and ladies, who thought that everything he did must be perfect, encouraged him in that kind of delivery, and while to me it seemed that he had smothered and murdered some of the poems I liked best, they sighed and groaned and poured out strange interjections, meant to be indicative of rapture."

Of some of the Americans whom he became acquainted with, he says:—

"Living at Oxford, I have had the good fortune of receiving visits from Emerson, Dr. Wendell Holmes, and Lowell, to speak

of the brightest stars only. Each of them staid at our house for several days, so that I could take them in at leisure, while others had to be taken at one gulp, often between one train and the next."

Mistaken and prejudiced folk who have doubted Lowell's patriotism ought to blush when they read that "the most harmless remark about America would call forth very sharp replies from him." He even defended the niggardly salaries paid to our diplomatic corps abroad, and "discoursed most eloquently on the advantages of high thought and humble living."

Of the royal people whom Müller knew the most interesting are the minor German princes that he met at Dessau, because, though their history is little known outside of their limited dominions, some of them appear to have been admirable characters. So was Frederick William IV. of Prussia, to whom considerable space is given, and Prince Albert of England, to say nothing of others mentioned in the book. But we must deny ourselves the pleasure of further comments and citations.

"A Short History of Modern English Literature"

By Edmund Gosse. (*Literatures of the World*.) D. Appleton & Co.

IN THIS compact volume Mr. Gosse's aim has been "to show the movement of English literature," to "give the reader, whether familiar with the books mentioned or not, a feeling of the evolution of English literature in the primary sense of the term, the disentanglement of the skein, the slow and regular unwinding, down succeeding generations, of the threads of literary expression." This he has done, we think, as well as it could be done within the limits he assigned himself. He divides the work into eleven chapters, dealing with as many ages: that of Chaucer (1350-1400); of the close of the Middle Ages (1400-1560); of Elizabeth (1560-1620); of the decline (1620-1660); of Dryden (1660-1700); of Anne (1700-1740); of Johnson (1740-1780); of Wordsworth (1780-1815); of Byron (1815-1840); the early Victorian age (1840-1870); and the age of Tennyson. An "epilogue," a biographical list, bibliographical notes, and a full index complete the volume.

That Chaucer is most ably and eloquently treated goes without saying, but to quote bits of the dozen brilliant pages devoted to him would be merely tantalizing. Gower, as Mr. Gosse thinks, has not been fairly treated by modern critics, who have accused him of "extreme insipidity"; but he hardly treats the poet better—though, to our thinking, as well as he deserves—in saying:—"Much of his work has great historical value, much of it is skilfully narrated, and its long-winded author persists in producing some vague claim to be considered a poet."

Sir Thomas Malory is worthily regarded as the first good prose-writer in our annals:—"To say that Malory's style is better than that of any of his predecessors is inadequate, for, in the broad sense, he had no predecessors. English prose, as a vehicle for successive and carefully distinguished moods of romantic mystery, plaintive melancholy, anger, terror, the intoxicating fervor of battle, did not exist before he wrote the 'Morte d'Arthur.'"

Lyly is treated with rare discrimination and insight. He introduced "a new element of richness, of ornament, of harmony" into our early prose:—

"In short, the publication of 'Euphues' burnishes and suddenly animates—with false lights and glistenings, if you will, but still animates—the humdrum aspect of English prose as Ascham and Wilson had left it. Splendor was to be one of the principal attributes of the Elizabethan age, and 'Euphues' is the earliest prose book which shows any desire to be splendid. . . . Above all, it was a book for ladies; in an age severely academic and virile, this author turned to address women, lingeringly, lovingly, and he was rewarded as Richardson was two centuries later, and as M. Paul Bourget has been in our own day."

Euphuism was "mainly a tub to catch a whale,—a surprising manner consciously employed to attract attention, like Carlylese. It had no lasting effects, fortunately, but for the time it certainly enlivened the languid triviality of the vernacular."

Spenser is happily characterized thus—after due reference to his faults, which are "spots in the sun":—"More than any other writer, save Keats, Spenser is interpenetrated with the passion of beauty. All things noble and comely appeal to him; no English poet has been so easy and yet so stately, so magnificent and yet so plaintive. He is preëminent for a virile sweetness, for the love and worship of woman, for a power of sustaining an impression of high spectacular splendor."

We should like to quote from the disquisition on Shakespeare and his fellow-dramatists, but extracts could give no adequate idea of such a masterpiece of analysis and criticism. The descriptions of books in a single sentence are often equally critical and witty. Of that "prosaic poet," Michael Drayton, for instance, we are told that "his masterpiece of topographical ingenuity, the 'Poly-Olbion,' a huge British gazetteer in broken-backed twelve-syllable verse, is a portent of misplaced energy."

Of Bacon our author has no overweening admiration. Referring to Hooker, he says that he "freed himself from the clogged concatenation of phrases which makes early English prose so unwieldy; yet he gained his liberty at no such cost of grace and fulness as Bacon did in the snip-snap of his Essays"; and later he says that "as a constructor of the essay considered as a department of literary art, Bacon is not to be named within hail of Montaigne."

The notice of Burton's masterpiece is incidentally remarkable for the most preposterous misprint we have detected in the book:—"The 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' though started as a plain medical dissertation, grew to be, practically, a huge canto of excerpts from all the known and unknown authors of Athens and Rome." Of course, Mr. Gosse wrote "cento," which word was perhaps unknown to the intelligent compositor. The error may be only in the American edition. What could be better in its way than this about Thomas Carew? :—

"Carew invented a species of love-poetry which exactly suited the temper of the time. It was a continuation of the old Elizabethan pastoral, but more personal, more ardent, more coarse, and more virile. . . . Carew cultivated the graces of a courtier; he was a Catullus holding the post of sewer-in-ordinary to King Charles I. His sensuality, therefore, is always sophisticated and well-bred, and he is the father of the whole family of gallant gentlemen, a little the worse for wine, who chirruped under Celia's window down to the very close of the century. Indeed, to tell the truth, what began with Carew may be said to have closed with Congreve."

Of Fuller and Howell, after referring to the amazing wit of the former and the easy and lively epistles of the latter, Mr. Gosse says:—"In such writers we see the age of the journalist approaching, although as yet the newspaper, as we understand it, was not invented. Fuller would have made a superb leader-writer, and Howell an ideal special correspondent."

We might go on and fill a page of *The Critic* with passages that we had marked for quotation, but what need of it? If the few we have given do not serve to give the appreciative reader an appetizing taste of the feast set forth for him in the book, it would be labor lost to tempt his palate with more of these titbits. He is not the man we took him for if he does not feel a hunger for more than we can serve up here.

The University Settlement Society, having raised \$25,000 of the \$50,000 required for a new building, will begin work at once on the site it has already paid for, trusting to the liberality of its friends to secure the balance in due season.

"Seven Puzzling Bible Books"

By Washington Gladden. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"SEVEN Puzzling Bible Books," commented a young friend, picking up the book from the library table, "I don't see why he says 'Seven'; I think they're all puzzling." Some of us who are not young incline to a like opinion. "Seven of the Most Puzzling Bible Books" would have been a more exact, though perhaps less euphonious, title for the little volume. That the books selected are at least among the most puzzling of Sacred Writings, no one will deny. The list includes Judges, Esther, Job, Ecclesiastes, the Song of Songs and Daniel, and ends, appropriately, with the book of Jonah.

In the introductory chapter Dr. Gladden explains for whom the book is written and his purpose in writing it. "The Bible is a book whose purpose it is to guide men unto truth; and we are saying, under our breath, that it is not safe to let men know the truth about the Bible!" "If the Bible is a book for the people, intended to be read by them, and suited for their instruction, then they are entitled to know the facts about it." "The familiar discourses which follow may serve to illustrate, in part, the principles affirmed in this introductory essay. They are the endeavors of a busy pastor, who makes no claim to high scholarship, to show his people some of the more sure results of recent Biblical study."

The tone adopted in the introductory essay is held throughout the volume. Dr. Gladden gives in this book, as in all his work, the impression of a plain, sincere man, speaking to ordinary people. The art that underlies the writing never obtrudes itself. It must be sought between the lines. So carefully is it wrought into the structure of the whole, that it seems not to exist. Perhaps the orthodox listeners to whom these lectures were first delivered, would have repudiated the suggestion that art had anything to do with such plain, straightforward thinking. The subtle, simple devices by which the author leads the reader out from the safe land, over the shaky bogs of doubt, safely at last to something that seems once more like *terra firma*, will repay the study of any young "Theologue" questioning how much of the "inerrancy of the Scriptures" it may be safe to reveal to a trustful congregation. Each step carefully prepares the mind for what is to follow. In writing of the book of Esther, for instance, Dr. Gladden says plainly and unequivocally, "For my part, I think that those pious Jews of the first century, and those Christian fathers and reformers of later centuries, who denied that this book was inspired of God, were entirely right." But this unorthodox statement, which might have come like a bombshell in the camp, is received without fear; so carefully has the mind of the listener been prepared.

If the Bible is to keep its hold on practical everyday life, it must be through men who, like Dr. Gladden, are familiar, on the one hand, with the latest results of Biblical criticism, and, on the other, with the mind and temper of the average church-goer; and who wish to bring the two into sympathetic relations. It is perhaps too much to ask of such a man that he shall give us also spiritual inspiration and insight. Enough if he can leave the Bible still "the Book of books, dearer to all who love righteousness and God than it ever was before."

Americanizing an Obsolete English Book

The Story of Language. By Charles Woodward Hutton. A. C. McClurg & Co.

NO MATTER what progress specialists are making from day to day, there will always be need of general treatises for the lay reader. Such a reader usually has few means of judging the real value of the books that cater to his tastes. If they are gotten up in handsome form and are written in a tone of authority, he is inclined to look upon them with respect and to put confidence in their statements. There is, there-

fore, much more reason for warning in the case of such a book as "The Story of Language" than there would be in the case of a badly made book on some special linguistic problem.

The scholar who takes up the volume does not have to read far to find that he is not in the company of one of his brethren but in that of a plunderer. The writer evidently has little real knowledge of the large subject that he has undertaken to handle. He is doubtless interested in it—as who is not?—and one is tempted to credit him with having amassed a large number of facts concerning it; but on further study it is obvious that the facts that appear in the book are not in the possession of the writer, for what he has copied from one author he forgets by the time he comes to copy a contradictory statement from another. The book is pure hack-work, though the writer does not appear to be aware of it. What is worse, the library that was made use of must have been very deficient in works on this subject. Fortunately it contained some of Whitney's books. Aside from these and a copy of Sayce's "Principles of Comparative Philology," there was nothing approaching an authority on the general subject. What is more, the author betrays no knowledge of who are the leading writers on linguistics. The only German book he had occasion to consult was "Kunz: Die Kunst schnell Böhmisch zu lernen!"

The process by which the book was made may best be judged by an extract. It is amusing to observe that the writer regards Meiklejohn as an authority on the development of the English language, and as a very usable one. From him he copies practically all he has to say about English—nearly one-third of his volume. The spaces below are due to the fact that Hutson condenses somewhat and so does not cover as much ground.

MEIKLEJOHN

As early as the beginning of the 13th century, this [the Midland] dialect had thrown off most of the old inflections. . . . The first personal pronoun *ic* or *ich* loses the guttural, and becomes *i*. The pronouns *him*, *them*, and *whom*, which are true datives, are used either as datives or as objectives. . . .

The dative of adjectives is used as an adverb. Thus we find *softly*, *brightly* employed like our *softly*, *brightly*. . . . Hundreds of our verbs were dissyllables, but by the gradual loss of the ending *en*, they became monosyllables. Thus *bindan*, *drincan*, *findan*, became *bind*, *drink*, *find*. . . .

Again, the expulsion of the guttural, which the Normans never could or would take to, had the effect of compressing many words of two syllables into one. Thus *haegel*, *twægen*, and *faegen* became *hail*, *twain*, and *fain*. . . .

In some cases the guttural disappeared entirely; in others it was changed into or represented by other sounds. The *ge* at the beginning of the . . . past participles disappeared entirely. Thus *gebrōht*, *gebōht*, *geworht*, became *brought*, *bought*, and *wrought*. The *g* at the beginning of many words also dropped off. Thus . . . *gif* became *if*; *genoh*, *enough*. The guttural at the end of words . . . also disappeared. Thus *halig* became *holy*; *eorðlic*, *earthly*; *gastlic*, *ghostly* or *ghostly*.

We will stop at the first gleam of originality on the part of the "author." He adds *munuc*, *monk* as an illustration of the loss of a final guttural. Had he but restrained this

HUTSON

But the Midland rapidly threw off its inflections and by the beginning of the 13th century, it had lost most of them. *Ich* had lost its guttural and become *i*.

Him, *them*, and *whom*, originally datives, had become objectives also.

The adjective dative in light *e* had come into use as an adverb, *softe*, *brighte* being used where we should now say *softly*, *brightly*. Many words by the loss of their inflections became monosyllables. Thus *bindan*, *drincan*, *findan* became *bind*, *drinc*, *find*.

The Norman difficulty in sound-ing the guttural made monosyllables of many more. Thus *haegel* became *hail*; *twægen*, *twain*; *faegen*, *fain*.

In fact, the guttural was eliminated wherever it was possible to get rid of it.

The *ge* at the beginning of past participles disappeared, *gebrōht* becoming *brought*; *gebōht*, *bought*; *geworht*, *wrought*.

The *g* initial was dropped from many words: *gif* became *if*; *genoh*, *enough*.

The final guttural also vanished: *halig* became *holy*; *eorðlic*, *earthly*; *gastlic*, *ghostly*; *munuc*, *monk*.

temptation to contribute to the subject!—The process by which Meiklejohn's text becomes Hutson's is really worthy of study. One device is to turn the sentence around. Another is to change the tense. Synonyms are very helpful; he changes "employed" into "used," "hundreds" into "many," "disappeared" into "was eliminated," "at the beginning" into "initial," "at the end" into "final," "disappeared" into "vanished," etc. At first, variety was sought by changing the order of the words used as illustrations, but that was soon found too bothersome, and most of Meiklejohn's lists are copied verbatim. Of course, misprints like *eorðlic* are carefully preserved. But worse than that, all the old, long-buried errors and absurd theories—for example, those as to the influence of the Norman Conquest on English speech,—are dug up out of Meiklejohn's book and paraded before the eyes of the public in a new and attractive dress.

"Shrewsbury"

By Stanley J. Weyman Longmans, Green & Co.

THE CENTURY beloved of Thackeray and Stevenson still proves exhaustless to the romanticists in their favorite field of war, love and intrigue. Perhaps to the English man-of-letters the revolution which brought William to the throne does not seem more remote in time, or in poorer perspective for literary treatment, than does the American revolution to our historical novelists. The backward tracks of history have a remarkable way of foreshortening themselves.

"Shrewsbury" is a tale of the Jacobean plots to murder or dethrone King William. The subject lends itself deftly to Mr. Weyman's peculiar method of work. The plot machinery, in which move, around the royal figure of the soldier-statesman, Shrewsbury, Godolphin, Marlborough and other noble lords of the Privy Council, with the counterplayers Sir John Fenwick, the importunate traitor, and the bold plotters Mat Smith and Ferguson, is a fine example of suspensive structure, full of unexpected turns and always exciting. The story, which starts out in a picturesque style reminiscent of "Colonel Jacque," is told in the orthodox first person by Master Richard Price, a school usher, afterwards apprentice to Mr. Timothy Brome, a writer of newsletters. Becoming a thief for an unworthy woman, he is saved from hanging by the noble Duke, but has an opportunity to return the compliment in one of the most dramatic chapters of the book. From the time he falls into "the hungry jaws of London" his fortunes are as shifting and perilous as those of D'Artagnan. He is rescued alternately from the clutches of Smith and Ferguson, and leads a charmed life which only autobiographic exigencies could preserve. It would be unfair, however, to leave the impression that the sympathetic thrills and agonies of the reader are one whit abated by the conviction that the story must go on. The chief limitation of the form is not in lessening the dramatic interest (for that is wholly due to the highly wrought state of the imagination in anticipation of what may happen), but to the necessity of having the narrator an eye-witness of the main scenes; and to this end, he must, perforce, be a sneak, an intruder, an eavesdropper—in short, not a very dignified type of manhood.

There is, indeed, from an artistic point of view, a distinct gain, of which Mr. Weyman has skilfully availed himself, in making the timid, cowardly news-writer a foil to his master, the very soul of honor, pride and courage. Price's feminine nature also qualifies him as the butt of the Duchess's outbursts of vixenish temper, not to mention the persecutions of Ferguson, who has a Poesque talent of making one shiver with his fearful talk of tortures, hanging, shrouds and coffins. Taking the book as a mere story, the illusion is complete, and one hurries breathlessly from cover to cover. In characterization of his men, Mr. Weyman is growing stronger and subtler with each succeeding volume. It is noteworthy that he shares with several of our best ro-

mancers what seems to be a secret aversion to the creation of female character, or, to say the least, an evident uncertainty of touch. But this is never true of the very greatest. However, there is time enough for Mr. Weyman to study the mysteries of the "eternal tenderness."

Though the author falls short of Mr. Hope's masterly conduct of dialogue, yet after a fashion he puts into his speeches a deal of parry and thrust—the thing that the Greeks meant by *stichomythia*. There is, too, an all-pervading tone of distinction and generosity that reminds one of scenes in "Esmond," which pulsate with splendid passion, keen sense of honor, and deadly clash of wills. Without possessing Stevenson's gift of style, Mr. Weyman reveals, on close inspection, a more than ordinary familiarity with seventeenth-century language, thought and manners.

"Miss Nina Barrow"

By Frances Courtenay Baylor. The Century Co.

IF THIS BOOK should fall into the hands of a foreigner, he would have good reason to believe the tales that are told of the terrible American child—tales that excite the indignation of so many Americans, and that contain just the one grain of truth that can color so many bushels of exaggeration. There are, doubtless, children like Miss Nina Barrow still to be found in the United States, but happily they are only to be seen by people who lead a nomadic life in hotels, and we believe there are few New York hotels that would harbor a child who (to quote only one of her enormities) amused herself by turning the hose on the other guests, to say nothing of the parlor furniture. "Cousin Marian," who arrives to act as governess to Nina, learns of her charge's possibilities at their first interview; for after several minor impertinences, "Nina burst out into such a speech, so rude, so disrespectful, so full of anger and all impertinence that I should be quite ashamed," says Miss Baylor, "to write it down." Cousin Marian is a perfect character—good, sweet, unselfish, patient and thoughtful; but, unfortunately, like so many people who are too good for human nature's daily food, she contrives to throw our sympathy on Nina's side. What child of twelve years old could be expected to enjoy the following discourse?—"And, dear, you mean kindly, I am sure, but you should not comment upon anything that I have. As to dresses, I have all that I require or can afford, and I can provide myself with all that I need. Miss Miller is rich and I am poor. I cannot dress as she does if I would, and I would not if I could. Nor does a great variety of costly and beautiful clothing add to the happiness of any one, or the esteem in which one is held by people whose good opinion is worth having."

Nina, her Grandmother and Marian all go to England to visit their English cousins, and Nina's pranks on the ship afford some amusement. After spending some days in Liverpool they go to London, and we read that "they were surprised to find it still quite light when they rolled into Euston Station in London at ten o'clock that evening." Surely they might have got over their surprise at this phenomenon during their stay in Liverpool; or does the hour of sunset vary in the different English cities? Nina meets with some unusual and interesting adventures in London, thanks to her unruly and American spirit, but Cousin Marian's influence is working upon her; she is in danger of becoming uninterestingly good, and we read, with a sigh of relief, that "the original Nina cropped out again." The original Nina is very amusing when she imperiously sends for a famous physician to attend her pet pug who has fits, thereby almost transferring the fits from pug to physician.

The account of her visit to her English cousins is interesting and well told, and the contrast between the rich and showy American child, and the rich but plainly reared English children is drawn with much accuracy, though we must accuse the author of exaggeration. Doubtless there are English households exactly like the one she describes, but such rigid austerity as this does not obtain in all English families. "If on Wednesday there was a roast of mutton and potatoes and vegetable marrow and rice pudding, on Thursday there would be a rib of beef, nicely rolled and served with a plentiful supply of silver skewers, just potatoes enough to go around, and Brussels sprouts, and a plain pudding, or an apple-dumpling." From this, one might conclude that the diet of English children consisted largely of silver skewers and scant potatoes, which would hardly account for the rosy looks

and chubby cheeks that are the rule in England. Nor would a girl as prim and as carefully trained as Mabel say "It's lots jollier."

The book ends rather weakly. Nina loses both health and fortune and thereby becomes a model woman, the possibilities for self-indulgence having been removed; but many a child might learn much by reading of Nina's adventures, and experience pleasure in the reading.

"Lullaby-Land"

Selected Poems of Eugene Field. Charles Scribner's Sons

MR. KENNETH GRAHAME has selected and provided with a sympathetic (though slightly affected) introduction some of the best of the late Eugene Field's poems of childhood, and they have been well illustrated in a decorative style by Charles Robinson. It is a mistake to think that the verses of Field and Stevenson are meant for the children themselves. Children like the facts, not the sentiments of life; they had rather hear of Tom the Piper's Son than of such mysteries as this:—

"For the Dinkey-Bird's bravuras
And Staccatos are so sweet—
His roulades appoggiaturas,
And robustos so complete,
That the youth of every nation—
Be they near or far away—
Have especial delectation
In that gladsome roundelay."

Try reading the above stanza to an average American youngster with a normal inquisitiveness, and convince yourself. It is the grown-up lover of children, the admirer of facile verse, or of poetic treatment whatever the subject, who finds delight in the whimsical fancies and genuine feeling of which Field was master. Parental love has found its minstrel, and the minstrel's songs find echo in all lovers of childhood's innocence, quaintness and freakish mischief. But how often is the cuddling mother a bore to the petted child—who, rather than to be clipped in her arms, is longing to launch his piratical craft for a cruise upon the mysterious seas bounded by the four walls of his nursery.

Much the same comment might be made concerning Mr. Robinson's charming pictures. They too appeal to the cultivated taste that can understand abstraction and simplicity in art. To the child they must be caviare save through their direct meaning—the story they tell. The youthful mind craves substantial bread and butter with sugar on it. "Swiss Family Robinson" is nearer the thing—and rightly too. The child's question always is "What are you going to do about it?"—excepting the children of parents with theories, as to whom all signs fail. They may prefer the Odyssey, but it is an acquired taste, and not lasting beyond the schoolroom door.

Two Rossetti Books

1. *A Biographical Study of Christina Rossetti.* By Mackenzie Bell.
2. *Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti.* By Hall Caine. Roberts Bros.

THE only drawback to one's enjoyment of Mr. Bell's study of Christina Rossetti (1) is that it goes too deep into trivialities. The late Miss Rossetti was a woman of great poetical gifts and charming personality; yet Mr. Bell might have spared us details about her board-bills, etc. For instance, of what earthly interest is this letter to her brother:—"The accompanying sixteen shillings and three-pence stands for our share up to Jan. 8; but if you deem yourself entitled to additional pennies, I will honor your view—my arithmetic is not a prime article." It would seem as though Mr. Bell had resorted to padding, though we can hardly think that was his object; there was a plenty of interesting material without that, and he might have made his book more valuable by making it at least a third smaller. However, we think so highly of Miss Rossetti that we would rather have it with all its faults than not have it at all. There are many interesting pages in it, and some that we should be loth to spare. The very interesting portraits—one of which will be found elsewhere in this number of *The Critic*—would alone make it valuable. Mr. Bell hints at a volume of reminiscences from the pen of Mr. Watts-Dunton, in which we shall hear much about Miss Rossetti during her sojourn at Cheyne Walk, at Kelmescott, at Bognor and other places, where she was in attendance on her brother, Dante Gabriel. We sincerely hope that after Mr. Watts-Dunton has told his tale, Miss Rossetti will be allowed to rest in peace. In fact, both she and her brother have suffered at the hands of their



MISS ROSSETTI

(From a pencil-drawing by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, October 1852, now in the possession of Mr. W. M. Rossetti, and reproduced in this book for the first time.)

friends—the brother particularly. Fortunately for the lady, there were no such tragic pages in her life as there were in his.

The same publishers have brought out a new edition of Mr. Hall Caine's recollections of D. G. Rossetti (2). This book, we believe, was suppressed shortly after its first publication on account of its too intimate revelations. The present volume is, of course, interesting to all admirers of Rossetti, and is one that they can hardly fail to add to their libraries. Mr. Caine knew the poet intimately—too intimately, it appears, for the poet's reputation.

"Where the Trade-Wind Blows"

By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield. The Macmillan Co.

THIS volume of West Indian tales is well worthy of the attention of all lovers of good art. Its workmanship is of a very high quality, indeed, and remarkably even, and its subjects are selected with a good eye for types and conditions. The author is not merely a close observer; she understands, and makes the reader understand with her. She has the sense of humor that some of the old fogies still persist in denying to woman, and, last but not least, a sympathy that is deep and wide and strongly appealing. The dark passions and the light-heartedness of these children of the islands, in whose veins mingles the blood of many races, their noble impulses and dark, vengeful moods, their faithfulness and bland, childlike dishonesty, their queer morals, or, rather, lack thereof, all are presented with the gift that is more valuable than mere photographic exactness; and the pathos of suffering, of the love that has lost, is drawn with rare delicacy.

Through all these stories move the whites—the native señores and men and women from "the es-States" and England, who have come thither to plant cocoa and bananas. The point of view of the prim lady from the Eastern States is set side by side with that of her son, who has become used to the strange social conditions of the region, and of the other foreigners, his friends; and they are compared with the attitude and opinions of the natives. To him who has lived in the islands, as the present reviewer has, the book will bring the delights of happy reminiscence. Those who have never been, there will learn to understand under the author's admirable guidance, and wish to go and see for themselves the men and women and things she tells of. The volume should be borne in mind for the warm days that are to come, though, in fact, it may be read with pleasure at any time and place.

Notes

COLUMBIA University is certainly blessed in the matter of gifts of money. It was not so long ago that President Low gave it a library building that cost a million dollars, and now comes Mr. Joseph Florimond Loubat, sometimes called Duc de Loubat, he having had that title conferred upon him by the Vatican, and gives \$1,100,000 to the Library itself. The conditions are that the Trustees guarantee him \$60,000 a year for life, which they can readily do without inconvenience, as the Broadway real estate he has given them is **not only earning more than that amount now**, but is constantly increasing in value, as it is situated in the heart of the business district. Mr. Loubat's gift is to be known as the Gaillard-Loubat Library Endowment Fund, in honor of the donor's parents. Mr. Loubat is an American bachelor, living in Paris. This is not the first, though it is by far the largest, of his gifts to Columbia, of which university he is not an alumnus.

The swan-song of the Kelmscott Press, "Love is Enough," with the two illustrations by Sir E. Burne Jones, will be ready on the 24th inst., the late William Morris's birthday. The entire edition is subscribed for.

The American Publishing Co. of Hartford is issuing a most timely volume on "Our Navy: Its Growth and Achievements," by Lieut.-Comm'r J. D. Jerrold Kelley, who is well-known as an authority on naval matters. The book, which is a large folio, is illustrated with twenty-four reproductions of water-color drawings by Mr. F. S. Cozzens, depicting the fighting vessels of the Navy, together with over one hundred pen-and-ink sketches. The work has been in course of preparation for some time, and is not a thing hurried out to satisfy a sudden demand.

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. will issue in conjunction with Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., London, an important publication entitled "All the World's Fighting Ships," by Mr. F. C. Jane, illustrated with portrait details of over one thousand warships, with notes and other useful statistics; the second volume of the "History of the Royal Navy from the Earliest Times to the Present Day," edited by Mr. William Laird Clowes; also a new edition of "Ironclads in Action," in two volumes, by Mr. H. W. Wilson, with a preface by Capt. A. T. Mahan.

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. will publish a volume on the apostasy of Wordsworth, from the pen of Mr. Hale White, better known to the reading public as Mark Rutherford. Mr. White is the editor of the Wordsworth and Coleridge manuscripts in the possession of Mr. Norton Longman, and it was while engaged in that work that he was led into an examination of the charges of apostasy made against Wordsworth. He has arranged passages from the poet's poetical and prose works in such a way as to let him defend himself.

After having written a story on much the same lines as "The Scarlet Letter," Tolstol has changed his views and put the manuscript away in a pigeon-hole. If he is quite sure that he will never change his views back again, and that he wishes it never to be published, he had better destroy it now, for when he dies, unless he is more fortunate than most authors, all his pigeon-holes will be ransacked, and the manuscripts found therein given to the world.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has finished her novel, "American Wives and English Husbands," but its appearance in England is delayed in order that it may have simultaneous publication in the United States. The subject is a fruitful one, in the handling of which Mrs. Atherton has already shown what she can do.

Mr. Charles Barnard has resumed his lectures on educational subjects before schools and in the Board of Education series of free lectures for the people. One of his new lectures is an illustrated study of the North Atlantic and Eastern seacoast, that will be found interesting and instructive for schools and general audiences. Mr. Barnard's lectures on training the sense of impressions has been made popular by the introduction of a number of inventions by the lecturer, among them a new form of projection lantern for exhibiting the laws of color sensation. This new lantern is soon to be exhibited before several scientific societies.

For other Notes see page 187.

The Lounger

MISS ELIZABETH ROBINS, who has made a reputation in London as an interpreter of Ibsen's plays, will be seen in New York soon, in one of her best known parts. In the afternoon of the 28th of this month, she will give a performance of "Hedda Gabler" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and it is to be hoped that her success will be sufficient to induce her to give us her entire Ibsen repertoire. We have had, so far, only shreds and patches of Ibsen, and it would tend much to our intelligent appreciation of the dramatist to have his plays interpreted in the spirit of his intention. Miss Robins has so far held the Ibsen field, and I am looking forward with more than ordinary interest to see what she will do for the interpretation of characters that present so many difficulties as Ibsen's. I have had the pleasure of talking with Miss Robins on the subject of the Norwegian master, and I may say that if she acts Ibsen as well as she talks Ibsen, she will make an unequivocal success.

MISS ROBINS is an American—one of the large army of gifted Southern girls who have fought their way into Northern recognition. It is now eight years since she has been seen in her own country. During this period she has acted in London, where she has a following that has been strong enough to evolve a theatre of its own, an "independent theatre," known as the New Century—a name which will be as good a hundred years hence as it is to-day. Miss Robins will not be long in America, so that we should lose no time in showing our interest in her work if we want to see all that she is capable of.

SPEAKING OF THE THEATRE: Mr. J. M. Barrie has just completed a one-act play called "Platonic Friendship," written expressly to meet the dramatic requirements of Miss Winifred Emery and Mr. Cyril Maude, the hero and heroine of the English representations of "The Little Minister." Mr. Barrie made the play a present to these two actors, and it reached them just in time to be a valentine. It will be acted for the first time on Tuesday next, at the Comedy Theatre, London, for the benefit of the People's Concert Society. Mr. Barrie, I may add, is now Dr. Barrie, having been made an LL.D. by St. Andrews.

IT IS SAID that when Mme. Patti obtained a divorce from the Marquis de Caux, the parents of Nicolini, humble inn-keepers near Dinard, objected to their son's marrying the prima-donna. Patti found a means of vanquishing their resistance. She applied for, and obtained, a place as servant in the inn, and for some time served wagoners and travelers who did not suspect, any more than did Nicolini's parents, that this unknown girl was the woman who had been fêted and honored all over Europe. Consent to the marriage was finally obtained; the incognito revealed, and Adelina Patti scored one more success—this time due only to her grace and charm. A very pretty tale, even if untrue!

MME. ANITA VIVANTI CHARTRES gossips vivaciously of the great Duse in a foreign paper. As so little gets into print about the manners and habits of this distinguished actress, I quote from Mme. Chartres, who, by the way, has written a play in which Mme. Duse will appear. She says:—

"Duse's hatred of publicity and newspaper interviews has assumed the proportions of a mania. In Turin, where she was performing a few weeks ago, the only person besides myself who was permitted to disturb her austere seclusion was the charming, wilful Duchess of Aosta, who, chafing under the tyrannical bondage of Court etiquette, frankly expressed her envy of Duse's

freedom. When we were alone together Duse was herself—impulsive, eager, passionate, tender, sad. But the mere announcement of a visitor would freeze her into silent *humeur*. Duse certainly makes a great deal of money, but she spends all that she makes. She is exceedingly generous. One day she gave a magnificent diamond ring to a dressmaker whom Worth had sent from Paris. And she pays her entire company all the year round, although during the last eighteen months she has only given twenty-two performances."

EVEN MORE INTIMATE details are recorded by this loquacious *chroniqueuse*:—

"She is very sad, the saddest woman I have ever known. She cannot even bear people's voices. After the strain of her performance she drives home quite alone, and sits down to supper in solitude and silence. During the days I was with her we used to sit at opposite ends of the large table, sometimes without exchanging half a dozen words, and she used to laugh her approval across to me when I absolutely refused to answer her if she made any attempts at polite conversation. Duse, *chez elle*, dresses almost always in white satin. She wears no corsets, and does not powder or paint, even on the stage. She bundles her pretty back hair up anyhow, and is quite proud of the one startling white lock that sweeps across her temple. She is a charming woman, highly cultured, sincere, brave, and good. Her conversation, when she chooses to speak, is startlingly brilliant."

THIS CERTAINLY is interesting and it sounds characteristic, but as a rule I do not give implicit credence to the stories going the rounds about famous people; particularly about those of whose personality so little is known as that of Eleanora Duse.

THOSE who know Henryk Sienkiewicz say that he would rather go shooting or tramping over the mountains, any day, than write. He writes his serials from week to week, and sometimes in the middle of one, when the most exciting situation is reached, he takes his gun and disappears. His publishers tear their hair, but his readers have to restrain their curiosity till he returns; when he takes up the thread of his narrative and carries it on to the end, unless another fit of restlessness seizes him. Before "Quo Vadis" was written, Sienkiewicz was supposed to have made \$500,000 by his pen. As that book has sold into the hundreds of thousands, after running as a serial, he must be a good many thousands of dollars richer to-day.

THAT TERRIBLE MAN with a machine for seeing around the corner has appeared again. I had hoped, when I first heard of him, that he would never complete his invention; but, alas! he is now supposed to have perfected it. He is an Austrian, and so far this new instrument of torture has not been seen on this side of the water; but in due time, we shall have it. The man who patronizes the "saloon around the corner," feeling that he is safe from scrutinizing eyes, will have to turn in his tracks if this *fernseher* becomes a family institution.

MR. GEORGE KENNAN, the Siberian traveler, is as popular as ever in the lecture field, having about a hundred engagements every winter. The work of traveling over the country to fulfill these engagements is not easy, and Mr. Kennan is now looking forward with delight to his summer's rest at Baddeck, on Cape Breton Island, at the tip end of Nova Scotia. His home is a cosy nook on the shores of the beautiful Bras d'Or lake. Six boats are in Mr. Kennan's boat-house at the foot of the lawn; and a mile across Baddeck Bay is a wooded promontory where Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, has his summer home. Mr. Gardiner G. Hubbard of Washington, Prof. Bell's father-in-law, was apt to be at Baddeck more or less; and



MR. KENNAN'S COTTAGE AT BADDECK

several families from "the States," attracted perhaps by Charles Dudley Warner's "Baddeck, and That Sort of Thing," have formed an "American colony." Among them is Mr. Charles T. Carruth, the president of a club of amateur photographers of Cambridge, Mass., the work of whose members is far above the average of amateur effort. The accompanying picture of Mr. Kennan's cottage is from a photograph by Mrs. Carruth. Mr. Kennan is not only an experienced boatman, but he has been known to wheel sixty-five miles a day over the Cape Breton roads, and he can drop flies in front of the noses of trout in a most alluring manner. When he is not engaged in some of these pastimes he is working on a series of articles regarding adventure in the Caucasus Mountains, which will appear in *The Century*.

APROPOS of "Slipshod English," some one calls attention to the appearance of the following sentence on page 8 of the Crowell edition of "Les Misérables":—"One day he arrived at Senez, which is an ancient episcopal city, mounted on an ass." The sentence has been changed since 1887, when the edition containing it appeared.

ACCORDING to a French paper, Yvette Guilbert has had such success in Berlin that "in a few days the chefs-d'œuvre of the classic repertory of our *cafés-concerts* will be more popular under the lime-trees than 'Le P'tit Cochon' and 'Les Demoiselles de Pensionnat' were with us." The Frankfort *Gazette* is particularly enthusiastic, but was rather surprised at Yvette's appearance, having expected to see a little Saxon figure, instead of a tall woman, "phantom-like and demoniacal," with red hair calling up memories of the guillotine. But after the first surprise the Frankfort critic was conquered by genius, and Yvette's personality appeared to him "gigantic, statuesque," reminding him of "Die Mutter Erda."

THE LONDON *Daily Chronicle* prints the following statement, which will interest many Americans:—

"The numerous friends and admirers of Madame Modjeska will be glad to hear that she has entirely recovered from her serious illness, and is able to resume her professional engagements, appearing this week in New York as Mary Stuart. In all probability Madame Modjeska will visit Europe this summer, though not professionally. It is fully fifteen years since this accomplished actress took London by storm, and it has always been a matter of surprise why she has not returned here. Owing, however, mainly to her political differences with the Russian Government, Madame Modjeska—who is, of course, of Polish nationality, her husband being the Count Chlapowski—has preferred to remain in America, where she has enjoyed unbounded popularity. The present Tsar, who has adopted a more concilia-

tory policy toward his Polish subjects, has, it seems, intimated his wish that Madame Modjeska should return to Poland. Indirectly, she is connected with the Imperial family, her husband's uncle, also a Count Chlapowski, havingmorganatically married the Grand Duchess Catherine Michailovna."

On being asked about the truth of the facts contained in the above note, Mme. Modjeska replies that it was only on her last trip to Europe (1894-95) that she was forbidden by the Russian Government to appear on any of the stages in the empire, or even to enter Russian territory. Having gone to Warsaw in April 1895, she was ordered by the authorities to leave within twenty-four hours. The reason that was given for this order, and for the publication of a warning to her not to enter Russian territory, was a speech made by the actress at the International Women's Congress in Chicago in 1893. It is true that the present Tsar has adopted a more conciliatory policy toward his Polish subjects, and the latter seem disposed to forget their past griefs, provided the Russian Government removes the oppressive measures which are yet hanging over the country. It would be a great glory for Nicholas II if he succeeded in bridging over the chasm between the two great Slavonic nations, and it is an end to be sincerely wished for, both by Russian and Polish patriots. Mme. Modjeska, in expressing these feelings, adds that she is not aware of the removal of the decree of expulsion pronounced against her.

THE *Chronicle* is somewhat mistaken in its statement about the connection, if it can be so called, of Mme. Modjeska's husband's family with the Imperial family of Russia. Her husband's uncle, the distinguished Gen. Chlapowski, did not marry any Russian Grand Duchess. His wife's sister, Countess Jeanette Grudzinska, married the Grand Duke Constantin, the elder brother of Nicholas I, and is known in history under the name of Princess of Lowicz. It was, of course, this marriage that misled the English chronicler.

IN THIS connection, I copy a cablegram from last Saturday's paper:—"BERLIN, March 4.—A dispatch to the *Lokal Anzeiger* from Warsaw says the police have prohibited all festivities in connection with the centenary of the birth of the Polish poet Adam Mickiewicz. The prohibition has made a great sensation."

SOME of the advocates of woman's rights seem in no wise anxious to part with their wrongs: they want to have both, and object only to having either the one or the other inflicted upon them by men. The editors of *La Fronde*, the journal lately started in Paris by women, with women editors, compositors, type-setters, etc., have been attacked for infringing the law forbidding the employment of girls for night work. In the passing of this law the advocates of woman's rights were mainly instrumental! We may confidently expect some little *contretemps* of this sort, should women get the suffrage, and be empowered to pass laws for their own protection—laws which some of them would rather be protected from than by.

BOOK NEWS has been putting authors on the rack and making them tell why they wrote their books. This must have been a very difficult question for many authors to answer; but they have come bravely up to time, and given their excuses. Some of them are not altogether satisfactory; others, again, show good intentions on the part of the authors, if nothing more.

AN APPLICATION for work as a designer came to a well-known New York architect, recently, in which the applicant said his experience lay chiefly in the direction of ecclesiastical architecture, but that he had done some "profane" work also!

Local Color According to Taste

THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I have received a rather startling cutting from the Boston *Post* through the Authors' Clipping Bureau. The cutting is dated Dec. 27, the accompanying invoice is dated Dec. 31, the Boston post-mark is Jan. 7, and it has reached me here to-day. From it I learn that my story "The War of the Worlds" "as applied to New England, showing how the strange voyagers from Mars visited Boston and vicinity," is now appearing in the *Post*. This adaptation is a serious infringement of my copyright and has been made altogether without my participation or consent. I feel bound to protest in the most emphatic way against this manipulation of my work in order to fit it to the requirements of the local geography.

Yet it is possible that this affair is not so much downright wickedness as a terrible mistake. The story originally appeared simultaneously in the American *Cosmopolitan* and the British *Pearson's Magazine*. Mr. Dewey of the New York *Journal* called upon me in November last and arranged for its serial republication in the evening edition of that paper. In our agreement (of which I have his signed memorandum) it was stipulated that the publication should be with the consent of the American publishers and that no alterations in the text of the story should be made without my consent. On Dec. 26 I received a cablegram from the Boston *Post* making an offer for the serial reproduction of "The War of the Worlds" "as New York *Journal*." To this I cabled "Agreed." And now I find too late that my story has been flaunted before the cultivated public of Boston, disguised and disarranged beyond my imagining. What has been done to it? I fail to see how a rag of conviction can remain in it after this outrage. I do not know what a remote Englishman may do in such a matter. At any rate I beg you will give me the opportunity of disavowing any share in this novel development of the local color business.

H. G. WELLS.

HEATHERLEA, WORCESTER PARK,
SURREY, ENGLAND, 21 Jan. 1898.

"An Experiment in Imitation"

THE following verses written by a private in the ranks, greeted Mr. Kipling on his arrival at Cape Town, being printed in *The Cape Times*:—

I suppose you know this station, for you sort of keep in touch

With a Tommy wheresoever 'e may go;

An' you know our 'bat's a 'shandy, made of 'Ottentot an' Dutch;

It's a language which is 'ideous an' low,

Don't you know

That it's "Wacht-een-beitje" 'stead of "Arf a mo'?"

We should like to come an' meet you, but we can't without a pass;

Even then we'd 'ardly like to make a fuss;

For out 'ere they've got a notion that a Tommy isn't class;

'E's a sort of brainless animal, or wuss!

Vicious cuss!

No, they don't expect intelligence from us.

You 'ave met us in the tropics, you 'ave met us in the snows;

But mostly in the Punjab an' the 'Ils.

You 'ave seen us in Mauritius, where the naughty cyclone blows,

You 'ave met us underneath a sun that kills,

An' we grills;

An' I ask you, do we fill the bloomin' bills?

Since the time when Tommy's uniform was musketoon an' wig,

There 'as always been a bloke wot 'ad a way

Of writin' of the Glory and forgettin' the fatig',

'Oo saw 'im in 'is tunic day by day,

Smart an' gay,

An' forgot about the smallness of 'is pay!

But your *our* partic'lar author, you're *our* patron an' *our* friend,

You're the poet of the cuss-word an' the swear,

You're the poet of the people, where the red-mapped lands extend,

You're the poet of the jungle an' the lair,

An' compare,

To the ever-speaking voice of everywhere!

Frederick Tennyson

ANOTHER of the minor Victorian poets is gone, a member of the gifted Tennyson family. The eldest brother of the late Laureate belonged to the neglected choir whose verses are little read—except the selections to be found in anthologies. Like his brother Charles Tennyson Turner, he was not appreciated at his full worth, his form being overshadowed by that of the distinguished singer of "In Memoriam" and "Idylls of the King."

Frederick Tennyson, whose death on Feb. 26 was chronicled in the newspapers, had an uneventful career. He was born at Louth, June 5, 1807, about the time that Dr. Tennyson became rector of Somersby. He attended Louth Grammar School some years and later went to Eton "where he was captain of the school." He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1827, and took his degree in 1832. Here he displayed his talent for writing Greek verse, winning a prize for a Sapphic ode on Egypt, much admired by his fellow-collegians.

As the oldest son of Dr. Tennyson (who died in 1831), Frederick Tennyson inherited the valuable Clayton estate near Great Grimsby, after the death of his grandfather in 1835. Thus possessed of ample means, he was enabled to gratify his passion for travel and culture. He spent many years abroad, living part of the time in Florence where he occasionally met the Brownings. While in Italy he married a peasant girl, Maria Guiliotta. They had two sons, Julius and Alfred, and three daughters, Elise, Emily, and Matilda. In 1859, he settled in the island of Jersey, and here he remained the rest of his life, making his home part of the time at St. Ewolds. His last years were passed with his son Julius. While in Italy and in Jersey he led an easy, pleasant life, devoting his leisure to poetry and his favorite Hellenic studies. Letter-writing occupied no small part of his time, and his letters were highly prized and treasured by his friends. He was a typical Englishman of the well-to-do, cultivated class. Of a shy, retiring disposition, he was known to but few, but by them he was greatly esteemed. Like his brothers, he was a man of stately figure and rugged constitution. He died at the advanced age of ninety.

One of Frederick Tennyson's dearest friends and best correspondents was Edward Fitzgerald. The first of Fitzgerald's letters to him (in Wright's collection) is dated 10 April, 1839. It is full of comments on things that these two friends enjoyed in common—music, pictures and books. Fitzgerald seems never tired of speaking of him in terms of the warmest appreciation. "Your letter dated from the Eternal City on the 15th of May reached me here two days ago," he writes in 1841. "While you are wandering among ruins, waterfalls and temples, and contemplating them as you sit in your lodgings, I poke about with a book and a color box by the side of the river Ouse—quiet scenery enough—and make horrible sketches. The best thing to me in Italy would be that you are there." In another letter of the same year is this characteristic passage: "When shall you and I go to an opera again, or hear one of Beethoven's symphonies together? You are lost to England, I calculate; and I am given over to turnips and inanity. So runs the world away. Well, if I never see you again, I am very glad I have seen you; and got the idea of a noble fellow all ways into my head." Ten years later he writes: "It is because there are so few F. Tennysons in the world that I do not like to be wholly out of hearing of the one I know." And again: "I know of no one whom it would give me more pleasure to think of as one who might perhaps be near me as we both go down the hill together, whether in Italy or England." The cordial interchange of thought between these two men was kept up for some thirty years.

Another intimate friend, Mrs. Brotherton, it is said, "corresponded with him for over forty years." Some interesting extracts from his letters to her are given in Jaff's critical paper on Frederick Tennyson in Miles's "Poets of the Century." They reveal an unworldly soul, much given to mystical moods. The beautiful spirit of the man breathes forth in a letter written in 1890: "Never have I felt towards those around me such tender inclinations—such earnest desire to do them all possible good, regardless of self-interest—such a spirit of forgiveness of any wrongs; and my earnest prayerful thankfulness for such inestimable benefits has been invariably acknowledged by that Voice from the Lord Himself, by which He has repeatedly ratified to my spiritual ear His promise of blessing and the continuation thereof." His failing faculties made the present dim, while the "pictures of the remote past" were vivid. He realized (to use his own words) "the shadowiness and unsubstantiality of this

life, and its being nothing more than an image of the real life to be." Frederick and Alfred Tennyson were men of a type common in former generations, but now passing away; men whose minds were filled with dreams of a vanished world, whose eyes were fixed on Eternity.

Here was a man of noble nature, imaginatively gifted, a poet who deserved a wider hearing. But he was indifferent to form. Poetry with him was but a side task. He had not Alfred's passion for artistic excellence. There is usually no greatness without hard striving. He is to be classed with the singers of talent, but not of genius.

Probably none of Frederick Tennyson's books would have been published, but for the urgent-solicitations of friends. It was chiefly through Hallam Tennyson's influence that the later volumes were printed. His "Days and Hours" (1854) contained sixty-six short pieces, most of them characterized by luxuriant fancy and chaste diction. But the fatal defect of redundancy is found on almost every page. He has the same delight in nature that Alfred Tennyson felt. The seasons and months suggested some of his finest strains. The note is original, but occasionally it reminds one of his brother's lines. The poem, "Thirty-first of May," is not unlike the late Laureate's "Early Spring." It is evident, however, that neither borrowed from the other. But there was a kindredship of thought and feeling as well as of blood. Here and there are echoes from Milton, Keats, and Shelley, and yet having a pronounced Tennysonian ring, as in the following stanza:—

"Oft at the first still flush of morn,
The soft notes of some charmed horn
I shall hear, like sounds in sleep,
Waft o'er the greenwood fresh and deep,
From magic hold, where giants thrall
Beauty in some airy hall,
And a plumed lover waits
To burst the spell before the gates."

There is something of the Horatian manner, but perhaps more of Keats, in "The Skylark":—

"Blest is the man who with the sound of song
Can charm away the heartache, and forget
The frost of Penury, and the stings of Wrong,
And drown the fatal whisper of Regret!
Darker are the abodes
Of Kings, tho' his be poor,
While Fancies, like the Gods,
Pass thro' his door."

His last volume, "Poems of the Day and Year," (1895), is a smaller collection of poems than the first, and more than half of them are taken from the earlier book, with but slight changes. Some of the choicest lyrics in it are new, giving the experiences of his later years. They are full of the poetic spirit, expressing itself in beautiful language.

Evidently, his main strength was put on his Greek studies, of which he was always fond. The first instalment of "The Isles of Greece"—namely, "Sappho and Alcæus"—appeared in 1890; the second, "Daphne," in 1891. They were written many years before, but were thrown aside, and some of them were entirely forgotten by the author. Properly speaking, they constitute one poem, for there is a thread of connection running through the stories of Sappho, Alcæus, Daphne, Pygmalion, Ariadne, Niobe, and other legendary characters of antiquity. The tales are wrought out with the epic fulness of the olden days, not suited to this hurrying age of ours which has no time to muse and dream. Life is too short to give more than an occasional half-hour to the old mythologies, however charming the fancies of the poet may be. The modern reader is appalled at the sight of two thick volumes containing more than twenty-seven thousand lines, even though the parts can be attacked separately. Once started, he finds himself borne along on a stream of limpid, melodious blank-verse, and delighted with romantic episodes and lovely legends. Here is the classical spirit, but not the classical restraint. The poet expanded a few hints of the Greek lyrics into elaborate narratives. Fragments from Sappho and Alcæus are placed at the headings of some of the poems, and paraphrases of the Greek are to be found here and there in the stories. They show unusual ability as a translator. Here is one:—

"Ah! me forlorn! ah! doom'd to share
Every sorrow, pain, and care.

Alcæus."

The familiar verses of Sappho are thus rendered:—

"Hesper, thou bringest back again
All that the gaudy daybeams part,
The sheep, the goats back to their pen,
The child home to his mother's heart."

Around these faint suggestions and some slight facts of history numerous incidents are woven "into a whole; a sort of Epic or Rhythmical Romance."

Frederick Tennyson is to be numbered among the few English poets who have successfully reproduced the antique spirit. He heard:—

"The musical sweet voices of the singers,
Who sang the songs of ages that had reap'd
The harvest of all good things long ago.

He made the old pagan framework a medium for much that is not ancient sentiment, and yet the student of Greek literature is constantly reminded of the "glorious words" of his favorite bards. The Greek myths furnished an admirable setting for the poet's modern thoughts, as in this passage from "Kleie, or the Return":—

"This mystic Life is as a soundless sea,
The tempests shatter it, the thunders shade;
And inarticulate voices from the clouds
Roll over it, and the winds run riot on it;
Yet are these passing moments heavenly-fair,
Breathings of Spring, Midsummer glories, hues
Of Autumn, trembling showers of light, and smiles
Of moonshine dimpling; and, when storms have ceased,
Hope, like the halcyon, sings; and I have lived
Through all, and glass'd within me every change."

Through the pictures of the far-off Hellenic world streams the light of Christian civilization. It is the nineteenth-century singer who speaks these words in "King Athames":—

"God at the last shall bring forth every life,
As on the earth, so in the lowest Hell,
Thro' swathing folds of sorrow, sin, and pain,
That shall fall off—as doth the mortal dust
Of man on earth leaving his spirit free—
Pure as at first, and Good shall conquer Ill;
And Evil into eternal ruin cast,
Like thunders before sunlight, pass away
Before His face forever and forever!"

Here is the spiritual note, with the richness of color and the luscious music, of Alfred Tennyson, but the lines of the older brother lack his intensity. While Frederick Tennyson may hardly be classed with the minstrels who have won "an unsailable renown," he had in ample measure "the dower of song."

EUGENE PARSONS.

"The North American Review"

IN *The North American Review*, Sir William Howard Russell continues his "Recollections of the Civil War," recounting some of his experiences on the Southern side. He met Gen. Beauregard at his headquarters, and was impressed by his intelligence and courtesy. The General talked without reserve. He had not much sympathy, Dr. Russell thought, "with the cavalier pretensions of the South Carolinians, and cared but little for their aspirations; but he believed religiously in the righteousness of secession and the wickedness of the abolitionists." He also called upon Mr. Jefferson Davis, whom he found at the State Department, then at Montgomery, Alabama. A Confederate flag floated over the building, when he entered. He was at once shown into Mr. Davis's private room. "In a minute more I was in intimate conversation with the leader who, Mr. Gladstone said, 'had made a nation'; a slight, light figure of a man, erect and straight, with a fine brow, marked with innumerable wrinkles; regular features, eyes deep set, large and full, one partly covered with a film; thin and firm lips; chin square and resolute. He was dressed in a rustic suit of slate-colored tweed and his well-brushed hair and boots and his neat attire offered a contrast to the appearance of Senator Wigfall and of the people crowding the passages. His manner was simple; his address rather formal; his face had a care-worn, haggard look, but his words were full of confidence. In the course of conversation, in reference to some remark of mine, he said: 'Visitors to our country comment on the number of colonels and generals in the States. But the fact is, we are a military people and these strangers don't recognize the fact. We are the only people in

the world where gentlemen go to a military academy to study and yet do not intend to follow the profession of arms." He was anxious to impress on me the aggressive character of the Northern States and government. "You see that we are driven to take up arms to defend our rights and liberties."

Sir William also met Mrs. Jefferson Davis, called by her friends "Queen Varina," who "had a reception next evening, and I was glad to make the acquaintance of a very gracious, ladylike woman of lively and engaging manners, and to see her unceremonious little court in the modest villa called the White House—not quite a rival to that in Washington. The society was rather heated."

Music

Notes of the Season

THE special feature of an afternoon concert, which took place on March 1 at Chickering Hall, was a new pianoforte concerto composed by Wilhelm Standhammer and played by Mr. Franz Rummel. Standhammer is a Swede, born at Stockholm in 1871, and the concerto in question was played by him at one of the concerts of the Berlin Philharmonic Society in 1894. It is a work of considerable beauty and individuality, and one may expect to hear more of its composer.

The evening of the same day was devoted to a concert at the Metropolitan Opera House, given as the first of a series by the Chicago Orchestra, but in reality considered as the opening concert of Josef Holmann, the soloist of the occasion. Mr. Hofmann, who is now twenty years of age, has entirely fulfilled the promise of his boyhood. He was an extraordinarily gifted child, and having been removed from the concert stage a decade ago, and given opportunities for serious study, it is not surprising that he has developed into a pianist of exceptional power and brilliancy. His selections were Rubinstein's D minor concerto, a nocturne and valse by Chopin, the barcarolle in F minor and étude in C major by the former composer, and—as encore pieces—Rubinstein's melody in A and Schubert's "Marche Militaire."

Mr. Thomas's orchestra—we are accustomed to think of it as such—rendered Beethoven's C minor symphony, a tone-poem, "Don Juan," by Richard Strauss, and the prelude to Lohengrin. The reading of the symphony was one to appeal to all lovers of classic form, and the orchestral portion of the concerto was most tastefully and beautifully applied, the beauty of the word-winds being especially noticeable in the latter composition. Mr. Thomas has distributed his instrumentalists in a manner which may account for a certain lack of color in the orchestra. At all events, the symphonic poem and the Wagner prelude were given with indifferent effect, and the reading of the latter challenged criticism, in that it missed the mysterious quality which is its chief charm. "Somehow it fizzled out toward the end and left me without a thrill," exclaimed a musician (and an authority on Wagner) at the close of the concert. The expression exactly described one's disappointment in regard to the finale.

The Philharmonic Society brought forward an interesting novelty at its sixth public rehearsal and concert, on the afternoon of March 4 and evening of March 5: a symphony by a young composer, Alexander Glazounow, proving a worthy contribution from the pen of a Muscovite, and winning the approval of an audience proverbially difficult to please. Glazounow studied under Rimsky-Korsakow, the Russian composer, whose pictorial symphonic suite, "Scheherazade," was heard at the last concert given by the Boston Symphony Society. The music of the younger writers is less emphatic in proclaiming national characteristics than that of the elder, and the influence of modern writers of the German school has been openly acknowledged by a choice of thematic material strongly reminiscent in its phrases. There is a marked tendency toward Orientalism, curiously blended with different moods of thought; but the work as a whole is distinctly interesting.

M. Plançon, who was the soloist at the Philharmonic concerts, sang two solo numbers selected from Weber's "Euryanthe" and Wagner's "Walküre." He was in superb voice, and—always judged from the French standpoint—interpreted both songs with great power and skill. The orchestra was in good form, but Herr Seidl, owing to indisposition, was scarcely at his best. He led the Glazounow composition with good effect and evident sympathy, however, and proved still more happy in the symphonic poem, "Torquato Tasso," by Liszt—a beautiful work, which is far too seldom heard.

The concert given on the afternoon of March 7, "in honor of our distinguished guests, M. Alexandre Guilmant and M. Raoul Pugno," enlisted the services of Mr. Thomas and his orchestra. M. Pugno was heard in César Franck's symphonic variations for pianoforte and orchestra; and Saint-Saëns's new pianoforte concerto; and M. Guilmant also took part in the program, which included as pieces for the orchestra Berlioz's overture to "King Lear" and Massenet's ballet music to "Les Erinnyes." The Saint-Saëns concerto is more interesting than that of César Franck, who has always seemed to us a sadly overestimated composer. M. Pugno did full justice to their respective merits, and M. Guilmant must always command respect and admiration, as an organist of great ability and a musician of undeniable gifts.

The Fine Arts

American Paintings at the American Art Galleries

COLLECTORS of paintings by our own artists are still rare—rare enough to merit much the same sort of consideration as an explorer of the Arctic regions, or the discoverer of a new sauce. He is usually a man whose business lies apart from art, who takes to collecting as a pastime, and to American paintings partly out of patriotism, partly because he likes to give aid where it is most obviously needed. But, as he becomes better informed and of more assured judgment, he finds other reasons. Several of our painters are producing work which compares favorably with the mass of what is imported, whether new or old; and these may yet be joined by others who are now weak and uncertain. Anybody who can look back even a dozen years can readily point to as many artists whose work was then doubtful and not very promising, yet who are now winning recognition both at home and abroad. Granted that these are not and cannot be great artists, they are as good as the majority of their foreign competitors, and ability to deal with American themes and to give form to American ideas should, after all, count for something in art, as it already does in literature.

The more than three hundred paintings brought together by Mr. Pincus Chock and now exhibited at the American Art Galleries include many that are of slight interest. The influence of bad teaching is observable even in such matters as the mixing and laying on of paint, and most of the painters appear to have had no idea or purpose other than to do something remotely resembling what someone else had already done. The visitor will find many sorts of painting, many ways of looking at nature; but most are imitations. The old traditions are absent; but in their stead, we have traditions of recent Salons. The bolder spirits have followed Besnard, or the Impressionists; the more timid, Lefebvre and the fashions of the Académie Julien, or of Munich. But there is much respectable work of this kind, such as Mr. Emil Carlsen's large and handsome paintings of still-life and of flowers; Mr. William Day Streetor's study of a nude model, "The Musician"; Mr. Henry Dearth's landscapes, and Mr. J. Appleton Brown's pastels of blossoming apple-trees. And here and there are decided personal notes, as in Mr. Kenyon Cox's fine study in red and gold for a decorative figure of "Venice," and Mr. Childe Hassam's "Parisian Flower-Girl." These things are spontaneous—the result of a real artistic inspiration. There are others, not to be compared with them, yet more than clever, like some of Mr. Verbeeck's Japanese sketches; and a surprising number of small and medium-sized pictures whose modest merit grows upon the visitor as he moves about the galleries.

This is, indeed, the most hopeful sign of all in the present state of American art. That so many paintings should be produced which at first hardly catch the eye, but to which one returns, again and again, with growing satisfaction, is proof that "le cœur au métier" is more than a pass-word with our younger artists. The visitor will discover that such work as Mr. Charles C. Curran's "Under Leafy Bowers," Mr. Childe Hassam's "Confirmation Day," Mr. Charles E. Langley's "Shore at Sag Harbor," Mr. Leonard Ochtman's "In the Fields," Mr. Henry B. Snell's "Lighthouse" and Mr. W. L. Lathrop's "Lonely Pasture" have lasting charm, and are capable of giving far more pleasure than much that may seem more attractive at first sight.

Art Notes

THERE is at the Avery galleries a curious old Dutch picture representing the embarkation of a number of individuals, who may be supposed to be Puritans, on board of certain high-pooed

vessels flying the Dutch flag. The discoverer of the picture, Mr. George H. Boughton, thinks that the larger of these vessels may be the *Speedwell*, and that the picture may represent the departure from Delfthaven of the Puritans who were to join the *Mayflower* at Southampton. It certainly depicts some occasion of the sort and of the time. It is painted on a panel and has belonged, according to a label on the back, to the Blenheim collection.

—An important Van Dyck has lately been discovered at Trieste. It is a portrait of a *Princesse de Gonzague*, of the Ducal house of Mantua, and was taken when Wallenstein and his soldiers sacked the city in 1628. The picture is said to be incontestably authentic, and is in an excellent state of preservation.

—M. Carolus Duran, whose portraits of American women have earned for him the sobriquet of "the Gounod of Portrait Painters," gave a well attended reception on Thursday of last week in his studio in the Passage Stanislaus. Being asked about his intended trip to America, he said:—"After five years' deliberation I have now decided to go to New York and Boston to see my many dear friends and former pupils there. I sail on March 12th, and after fulfilling five or six orders for portraits for well-known personalities in those cities I shall return to Paris by the end of May. This will be my first visit to America. I look forward to it with the greatest pleasure." Like M. de Monvel, M. Duran had originally arranged to sail on the unlucky *Champagne*.

—Mr. James W. Ellsworth, one of the best known citizens of Chicago, has purchased the house No. 2 West 16th Street, this city, and in future, it is believed, will spend a large part of his time here. Mr. Ellsworth is already a member of several New York clubs, and pays frequent visits to this city. His motive in purchasing a house is principally to move to it his valuable collection of paintings, tapestries and ceramics. The *Tribune* quotes him as saying:—"It is not the intention to give up my citizenship here, but my collection will be moved to New York, where, owing to business interests, a portion of my time is required, but principally for the reason that manufacturing has increased in Chicago to such an extent that the atmosphere is not conducive to the preservation of works of this nature." Extensive alterations will be made in the dwelling before it is occupied. It is also understood that Mr. Ellsworth has purchased a country house at Hudson, N. Y. Mr. Ellsworth's art collection is valued by connoisseurs at over \$1,000,000. Besides a number of well-known American pictures, including several landscapes by the late Georges Inness, it includes several old masters, among them a Rembrandt. The most recent addition is the *Troyon "Cows in the Pasture,"* bought last month at the sale of the Fuller pictures in Chickering Hall, for \$22,000.

—The *Eclair* says that the magnificent Madonna, with landscape, by Piero della Francesca, has just been acquired by the Louvre at a cost of 130,000 francs. As the Council of Museums had passed a resolution not to give more than 100,000 francs for it, although M. Haro, its owner, had paid a higher price for it, it would have been lost to the Louvre had not private persons contributed the other 30,000.

—M. Barrias has begun his statue of Victor Hugo for the Paris Exposition in 1900. It will represent a young and vigorous man seated on a rock, one hand supporting the chin, the face framed in long hair. On the four sides of the plinth will be figures representing epic and lyrical poetry, satire and the drama.

Notes

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LIEUT. JOHANSEN, who was the sole companion of Dr. Nansen in the journey after leaving the *Fram*, has written a book on the expedition, which has been published in Norway, and is being translated into English.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons announce for early publication Mr. Henry M. Stanley's new volume, "Through South Africa," in which the author gives an account of his visit to Rhodesia, the Transvaal, Cape Colony and Natal in November 1897. His pictures of President Kruger, of Pretoria, Johannesburg, and Buluwayo are vividly drawn.

Mr. George Meredith evidently sees nothing to make fun of in the recent address of congratulation sent to him on his seventieth birthday, which moved certain of the irreverent to smiles. In

acknowledging it to Mr. Leslie Stephen, who is supposed to have written it, he says:—"The recognition that I have always worked honestly to my best, coming from the men and women of highest distinction, touches me deeply. Pray, let it be known to them how much they encourage and support me."

Another distinguished man-of-letters now celebrating his seventieth birthday, or having it celebrated for him, is Dr. Henrik Ibsen. The twentieth of March will be a gala day in Christiania, but the playwright himself will stay quietly at home, and take no part in the festivities.

During the coming week Dr. Henry van Dyke will lecture at Johns Hopkins University on "Three Poets and Prophets of the Nineteenth Century: Wordsworth, Browning and Tennyson."

M. Sardou's latest production, "Pamela," deals with the escape of the Dauphin from the Temple. The playwright has made extensive researches and given much time to the study of this question. He believes that it was not the son of Louis XVI who died in the Temple prison, and his belief was shared, it is said, by the Duc d'Aumale. "Pamela" is a gay *marchande de frivolités*, and affords an excellent rôle for Mme. Réjane.

Mr. Andrew Lang is engaged upon a history of Scotland about which we are to hear no particulars until the autumn. He is, of course, just the man to undertake the task. It is strange that he did not take it up long ago.

It is proposed to erect a memorial window to Jane Austen in the Cathedral at Winchester. Contributions will be received by Messrs. Hoare, 37 Fleet Street, E. C., London. If Miss Austen had her deserts, she would have a monument in Westminster Abbey.

Mrs. F. A. Steele is at Lucknow gathering materials, it is stated, for her new book, which will treat of India under stress of plague and famine.

The late Miss Frances E. Willard, President of the World's and National Christian Temperance Union, was an alumna of Syracuse University—the first institution in America, we believe, that extended equal privileges to men and women. Miss Willard received the degree of M. A. from Syracuse.

The *Temple Magazine* tells a good story in an interview with Dr. Whipple, the Bishop of Minnesota:—"Many years ago [says the Bishop, who is testifying to the honesty of the Red Indian] I was holding a service near an Indian village camp. My things were scattered about in a lodge, and when I was going out I asked the chief if it was safe to leave them there while I went to the village to hold a service. 'Yes,' he said, 'perfectly safe. There is not a white man within a hundred miles!'"

Mr. Barrett Wendell of Harvard was for a while the American correspondent of *Literature*. That office, we are told, is now filled by Mr. E. S. Martin, who recently came to New York to live.

"Probably the most extraordinary coincidence connected with the Zola trial," says the London *Daily Chronicle*, "is the fact that whilst the eminent novelist was being so pluckily defended in one court by Maître Labori, in another and adjoining court a man named Zola was condemned to three years' hard labor for forging the signature of a certain Mme. Labori, neither the convict nor his victim being in any way connected with M. Emile Zola or his advocate.

The University of Budapest has just conferred the degree of Doctor of Letters upon Carmen Sylva, Queen Elizabeth of Roumania.

Felice Carlo Cavallotti, poet, dramatist, publicist and a well-known Radical member of the Chamber of Deputies for Corte-Olona, was killed at Rome on last Sunday afternoon in a duel with swords with Signor Macola, member of the Chamber of Deputies and editor of the *Gazzetta di Venezia*. The encounter was the outcome of a fierce polemic in the columns of the *Milan Secolo* and the *Gazzetta di Venezia*. It took place at an unfrequented spot outside the Porta Maggiore.

Dr. Richard Burton of Hartford is making a successful lecture tour through some of the larger Western cities. It is understood that the University of Minnesota wishes to secure him for its chair of literature. He has not yet accepted the offer. No doubt it would be a good thing for the University, but Hartford would be less of a literary centre without him.

The very valuable classical and general library of the late Prof. Henry Drisler of Columbia has been put on sale by his son and executor, Mr. Henry Drisler. The books are to be seen at Prof. Drisler's late residence, 48 West 46th Street; but the catalogue and any other information are to be obtained from the executor, at 329 Pearl Street, New York.

Prof. William Knight of the University of St. Andrews, noted as a Wordsworthian scholar and editor, lectured on Wordsworth on Tuesday evening in the chapel of the Union Theological Seminary, 700 Park Avenue. Before filling his engagement at Johns Hopkins he will lecture again in New York. The second lecture will be on Coleridge, and will be given at the same place, at 3.30 P. M. to-day. The public is freely invited.

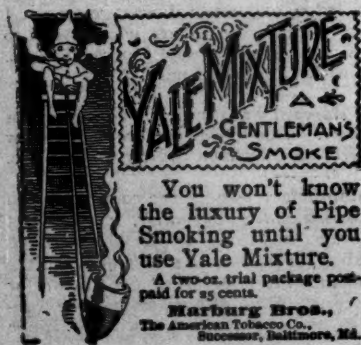
Mr. Locke Richardson's recitation from Shakespeare's "King Henry IV, Part I," filled the ballroom at Sherry's on Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Richardson took various characters, those that were omitted being explained, and the introductions to scenes and acts being deftly accomplished. The recitation was given under the auspices of many well-known ladies. Mr. Richardson, who has made an enviable record as a student of Shakespeare, is about to visit Berlin as the guest of Ambassador White.

The Woman's Temperance Publishing Association will publish at once a biography of the late Miss Frances E. Willard. It will be an official memorial volume and a preliminary to a more extensive work to appear some months later. By the terms of Miss Willard's will, Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Anna A. Gordon were made her literary executors, and they together will perform this labor of love.

The *Yale News* quotes M. Doumic as expressing himself as particularly impressed by the common life of the American students, as compared with their isolation in France, the intimacy of the relation of our collegian to his instructor, the orderliness and individuality of the American students' rooms, their social life as represented by the many clubs, and the devotion to organized athletics in behalf of a college, while in France athletics are purely individual.

Publications Received

- Baring-Gould, S. *Blady's Steppony*. \$1.25.
Baumbach, R. *Nicotiana*. 3c.
Bierce, A. *In the Midst of Life*. \$1.25.
Brailsford, H. N. *The Broom of the War God*. \$1.25.
Carlyle, T. *History of Frederick the Great*. Vols. 3 and 4. \$2.50.
Chambre, A. St. John. *Sermons on the Apostles' Creed*. 75c.
Chaucer, Geoffrey. *Works*. Ed. by A. W. Pollard and Others. \$1.25.
Coleridge, S. T. *Poetry*. Ed. by R. Garnett. \$1.25.
Davis, E. S. *Whether White or Black, A Man*. 75c.
Dickens, Charles. *Christmas Books*. Introduction by Andrew Lang. \$1.50.
Egypt. Edited by Karl Baedeker. \$4.50.
Fuller, Henry B. *From the Other Side*. \$1.25.
George, Henry. *The Science of Political Economy*. \$2.50.
Glanville, Ernest. *The Kloof Bride*. 3s. 6d.
Graham, James. *The Son of the Camr*. \$1.25.
Grosart, A. B. *Robert Fergusonson*. 75c.
Harte, Bret. *Tales of Trail and Town*. \$1.25.
Hazel's Annual for 1894. Ed. by W. Palmer. \$1.50.
Henley, W. E. *Poems*. \$1.75.
Herbart, J. F. *Application of Psychology to Education*. \$1.50.
Hobbes, John Oliver. *Tales*. \$1.50.
Holmes, T. Rice. *History of the Indian Mutiny*.
Kaufmann, R. W. *A Literary History of India*. \$4.
zu Eichenlohe-Ingelfingen, Prince Kraft. *Letters on Strategy*. 2 vols. Ed. by W. H. James. \$12.
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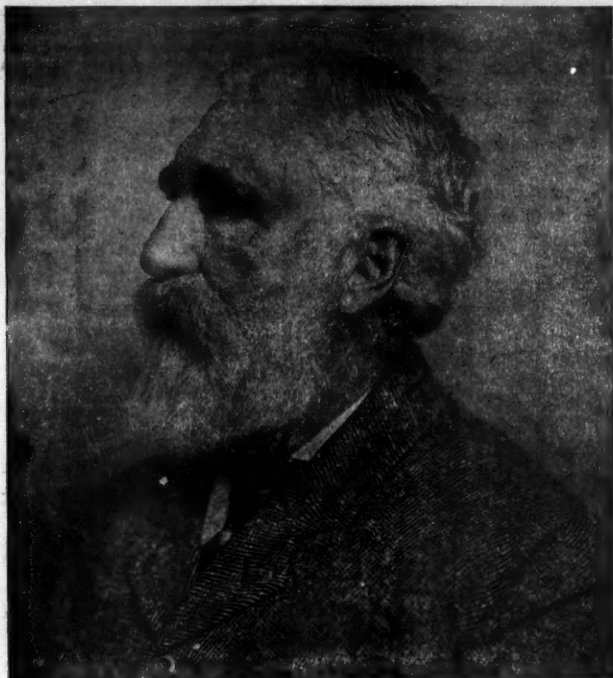
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